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NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

BAKER'S EDITION OF PLAYS

The Emigrants' Party

Price, 25 Cents



A. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

THE AMAZONS Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, not difficult. Plays a full evening.

THE CABINET MINISTER Farce in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Costumes, modern society; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

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THE GAY LORD QUEX Comedy in Four Acts. Four males, ten females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening.

HIS HOUSE IN ORDER Comedy in Four Acts. Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE HOBBY HORSE Comedy in Three Acts. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery easy. Plays two hours and a half.

IRIS Drama in Five Acts. Seven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

LADY BOUNTIFUL Play in Four Acts. Eight males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, four interiors, not easy. Plays a full evening.

LETTY Drama in Four Acts and an Epilogue. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery complicated. Plays a full evening.

THE MAGISTRATE Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. Plays two hours and a half.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The Emigrants' Party

An Entertainment Introducing Folk
Songs and Dances

By

JESSIE A. KELLEY

*Author of "The Village Post Office," "Taking the
Census in Bingville," "Tramps' Convention,"
"Peddlers' Parade," "Suffragettes' Con-
vention," etc., etc.*



BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1914

The Emigrants' Party

CHARACTERS

FRANZ PIERROT, *French.*

HANS GRIMM

GRETCHEN, *his wife*

ELSA, *their daughter, ten years*

Germans.

ROBERT CAMPBELL

DONALD MACGREGOR

JAMES MACDOUGAL

PATRICK FLANNIGAN

MRS. FLANNIGAN

MICHAEL MURPHY

BRIDGET SULLIVAN

ALGERNON HEATON

EDWARD RALEIGH

Scotch.

Irish.

English.

LEE SING, *Chinese.*

REMUS STRONG

DINAH, *his wife*

CHLOE, *a child three years*

Negroes.

PIETRO MAZETTI

ROSA MAZETTI

ANTONIO LEVAGGI

Italian.

FRITZ SCHNEIDER

KATRINA SCHNEIDER, *his wife*

Dutch.

ABRAHAM GOLDSTEIN

REBECCA, *his wife*

MAX, *a son of twelve*

ISAAC RUBENSTEIN

JACOB RUSACOW

Jews.

FERDINANDO COLOMBO, *Spaniard.*

SUSANNE SMYTHE, *a society lady.*

CAPTAIN, DOCTOR, INSPECTOR, POLICEMAN, STOWAWAY.

More women and children of all nationalities may be added, preferably in costume, and they may take part in the concert. Other people, presumably from among first class passengers, may also come in at the time of the concert and take part. A group of Japanese maidens in kimonos might give a fan drill.



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STAGE SETTING

The stage should be fixed to resemble the deck of a ship, and it may be as simple or as elaborate as desired. Life-buoys made from air-cushions covered with white and having a ship's name painted in black letters may be hung around. Water pails, camp stools, life-preservers, flags, pennants, sails reefed to masts with flags and lights suspended from rigging may all be used to advantage. Numerous ideas that may be easily carried out will suggest themselves to make the scene a realistic one.

COSTUMES

INSPECTOR and **DOCTOR** wear dark blue uniforms with brass buttons, caps with appropriate lettering.

POLICEMEN and **CAPTAIN** in uniform.

PATRICK and **MICHAEL** wear coarse laborer's attire, **MICHAEL** with red wig; **BRIDGET**, very showy, cheap attire with enormous hat having straight feather standing upright; **MRS. FLANNIGAN**, calico dress, shawl and bonnet.

DINAH any bright costume with red bandanna on head; **CHLOE**, bright yellow or blue; **REMUS**, old clothes with buttons off, holes, general shiftless appearance, but with tall hat and gloves.

SCOTCHMEN in plaid, kilt and cap.

CHINAMAN in regulation Chinese costume with queue.

SWEEP very dirty and ragged, smutty face.

ANTONIO and **PIETRO** in ordinary shabby clothes with soft black felt hats; **ROSA** black velvet with red trimmings, scarf over head.

KATRINA, **GRETCHEN**, **ELSA**, full bright colored skirts, tight bodices with kerchiefs, stiffly starched, flaring white caps; **HANS** and **FRITZ**, blue suits with big puffy trousers. **OTHERS**, any appropriate make-up, some with beards, wigs, old style hats, etc.

All have large cards pinned or tied on dress or coat. These the inspector examines and compares with his list for identification. All have numerous bundles tied up in quilts, newspapers, etc., the more grotesque the better, also old-fashioned bags of all sorts.

PROGRAM FOR CONCERT

A program is given in the text as a guide, but it may be varied or a totally different one given. The songs suggested are old familiar ones and may be found in almost any collection of songs. The recitations suggested are in "Werner's Readings and Recitations, No. 38. Dialect" (35c.), with the exception of "John Chinaman's Protest" and "Sockery's Kadacut Kat," which may be found in "Soper's Dialect Readings" (25c.). Folk songs and dances are found in "Folk Dances and Games" by Caroline Crawford (\$1.50), and "The Folk Dance Book" by C. W. Crampton (\$1.25). These books may all be obtained of Walter H. Baker & Co. Newer, popular airs of the day may be used, if desired, also chorus, quartette and duet work. A band or Victrola might be used, also accordion, harmonica, or cornet. The whole entertainment may be varied, less of the text used, women take the parts assigned to men in some instances, parts doubled and various other changes to suit the needs of the society giving the entertainment. Other songs are suggested below :—

SONGS FOR ENGLAND

Roast Beef of Old England.
God Save the King.

Rule Britannia.
The Country Pedler.

GERMANY

The Watch on the Rhine.
A Mighty Fortress is Our God.

FRANCE

The Angelus.

The Marseillaise.

SCOTLAND

Annie Laurie.
Auld Lang Syne.
Scotch Lassie Jean.

Campbells are Coming.

Blue Bells of Scotland.
Highland Laddie.
Robin Adair.

SPAIN

Ave Maria.

Spanish Cavalier.

IRELAND

Kathleen Mavourneen.
Low Backed Car.

Come Back to Erin.
Wearing of the Green.

NEGRO

Old Black Joe.
Dixie Land.
Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground.

Nellie Gray.
My Old Kentucky Home.

Other dialect recitations may be found in "Dick's Dutch, French and Yankee Recitations" (30c.), "Baker's Comic and Dialect Speaker" (25c.), and "Baker's Humorous Speaker" (25c.).

NOTES

Be careful to speak very slowly and distinctly, as dialect is rather hard to understand. Practice the story telling. A story is spoiled or made in the telling. Repeat the jokes, and give the audience time to get the points, also make the jokes local wherever possible. A good deal of fun may be made with a lunch feature ; the Germans with sausages and pretzels, Irish with potatoes, Italians with macaroni, Frenchman with frog, etc. The detection of smugglers, bringing in local hits, is another good feature. Men and women may be talking in groups, children playing, some half asleep nodding in chairs, others lying down. Put all the action possible into it, but be careful that there is no noise or confusion to prevent the audience from hearing what is said.

The Emigrants' Party

FRANZ PIERROT (*walking impatiently back and forth*). Zee time eet ees so long teel we get to zee land ! We see zee land long time, but eet no come near. Zee long, long time !

HANS GRIMM. Der captain he shoost say it vos two hours, he dink, till ye vos in der harbor.

FRITZ SCHNEIDER. Och, mein koodness ! I vant to dold you dot I vos tired of der poat beesness.

PATRICK FLANNIGAN. Shure an' yez ought to be afther be-
ing thankful that yez are in where ye're not say-sick. Oi wuz turrible sick comin' over, but nary a bit wuz I sick going back.

KATRINA SCHNEIDER. For vy vos dot ?

PAT. Shure, I niver wint back yit.

ROSA MAZETTI. I gotta thanktha sharka did notta eat a me whena I falla overboarda.

ROBERT CAMPBELL. I dinna ken wha' the shark didna eet th' lass.

ALGERNON HEATON. Why, the shark did not heat the woman. The Scotch were halways a thick'-eaded people. Of course hit was because 'e was a man-heating shark. How could 'e heat a woman ?

MICHAEL MURPHY. Shure, if Oi knew the toime and place uv me death Oi'd be as fur from that place as possible.

ISAAC RUBENSTEIN. Shoost give me a tollar und I vill dell you how to lif forefer.

MICH. Begorra, Oi'll do it. (*Gives him money.*)

ISAAC (*pocketing money*). Nefer die, mein frient ; dot ish der secret.

(*Laughter.*)

BRIDGET SULLIVAN. Och, but it's orful the number of paypil what's buried aloive. Faith, if Oi'm living whin Oi'm dead Oi hope they won't be afther burying me aloive.

PAT. Whin Oi die, Oi want ter be buried in yer lot, Abraham.

ABRAHAM GOLDSTEIN. For vy?

PAT. Becuz the devil wud niver think uv luking for an Oirishman in a Jew's graveyard.

ROB. (*to DONALD MACGREGOR*). Why are you sa quiet, mon? Are you afeerd you are going to dee?

DON. Tut, tut, mon, I ha' same false teeth, dinna ye ken, an' I'm afeerd o' wearin' them oout if I talk ower mooch.

FERDINANDO COLOMBO. You lika a mana I knowa. Too meana to getta haira cutta, wait tilla colda weather, den he wetta his haira (*goes through motions*), wenta outa doora tilla haira froza harda, den he breaka his haira off. Save da mona.

EDWARD RALEIGH (*very bald headed*). Hi come hover hin the steerage to save the money, but Hi'll not do hit hagain. Hi hexpected to find some bugs, but whien Hi find them has large has this Hi don't hintend to sleep with them.

(*Holds up very large toy bug.*)

ABRA. My votch stopped last night.

ANTONIO LEVAGGI. Whatta da matta?

ABRA. A bedbug got between de ticks.

(*ED. scratches head furiously.*)

FRITZ (*to ED.*). Vy don't you chase dem out in de open? You can't catch dem der.

MICH. Phwat are yez doin' annyway? Picking them out?

ED. No, Hi ham not picking them hout, Hi ham taking them has they come.

BRID. Oi'd loike to be axin' yez wan question, Mister Raleigh.

ED. What his hit?

BRID. Oi'd loike to be axin' yez if yez hev to toie a sthring around yer head to be afther knowin' how hoigh up to wash yer face?

ED. This his what comes hof coming hover hin this beastly place. Hi'll not stand hit. Hit's devilish.

KAT. How vos you dare to swear befor me?

ED. Hexcuse me, Hi didn't know you wanted to swear first, Dutchy.

JAMES MACDOUGAL. Dinna ye ken, mon, the everlastin' bliss that cooms to a' those wha' swair not at a'—everlastin' bliss, mon.

PAT. An' begorra, it's everlasting blister to those who do swear, everlastin' blister, man aloive.

FRANZ. Zay, Pat, deed you hear zee news?

PAT. No, Frenchy. Phwat wuz it?

FRANZ. Ze devil, he die last night.

PAT. (*taking penny from pocket*). Is thot so? Here thin is sum money fur yez. Me fayther tould me niver to pass an orphan in distrris.

FRANZ. By zee looks of zee face I theenk you had beitaire save zee money.

PAT. Phwat's the matter wid me face? Shure, a man can't choose his face, nor his hair, nor his oiyers. He's lucky if his woife will let him pick his teeth.

FERD. Signor Flannigan is—what you calla eet? Patriotic. He wear de color of the country he go to.

PAT. How is thot?

FERD. (*pointing*). You hava de redda nosa, de whita tie, an' de bluea eyea.

PAT. Shure Oi can't be hilping me red nose aiyther.

JACOB RUSACOW. I dell you how you vos cure dot nose of peing red.

PAT. How?

JACOB. Shoost keeb on drinkin' dill it vill grow burple.

PAT. Did anny of yez iver see me wid more than Oi cud carry?

MRS. FLANNIGAN. Shure, Oi've often seen yer wid a load you should hev made siveral trips afther.

(*Laughter.*)

MICH. Oi say, Pat, phwat's the difference betwane you an' the moon?

PAT. Oi dunno.

MICH. The moon is full wanst a munth an' yez are full ivery noight. Say, Pat (*laying hand on PAT.'s shoulder*), Oi was radin' jist the other day how a man was so full uv alcohol that whin he wint to blow out a candle his breath tuk foire an' he wuz blown to paces.

PAT. Hear me say it, Moike, hear me say it! His breath tuk foir! Shure Oi'll niver doie that death annyhow. Listen to me, b'ys. Oi, Patrick Flannigan, knowin' me grate wake-ness, dapely sinsible of me past sins, an' the grate danger Oi've bin in, hereby take me solemn oath that so long as Oi loive, under no circumstances phwativer will Oi, listen, b'ys, blow out a candle agin.

(*Laughter.*)

HANS. Keeb still. Der docther ees comin' ub.

GRETCHEN (*very seasick*). Vill you dell me vot don't come ub on dis poat.

Enter Doctor.

DOC. (*to GRET.*). What's the matter? Weak stomach?

GRET. Vot for you dink I haf weak stomach? Vosn't I throwing it as hard as anypody?

FRITZ. Dat vas one queer ting! All de passengers vas heaving an' if dot vosn't enough de captain gave de order for de ship to *heave* too.

DOC. (*to REBECCA*). How do you feel to-day?

REB. I don't feel preddy vell. I haf a horse in my throat.

(*Hand at throat.*)

ABRA. Dot ish not right. She mean she haf a colt in her head.

DOC. (*laughing*). She must be a horse jockey. A *horse* in her throat and a *colt* in her head. (*Goes to PAT.*) You're not looking very well.

PAT. Bejabbers, no, Oi hed sich a headache in the noight thet begorra Oi couldn't lift me head from the piller till Oi hed got up and walked around the room a bit.

DOC. Do you ever wash your eyes out?

PAT. Shure, an' Oi do ivery marning.

MICH. Howly Moses, how do yez iver git him in agin?

(ISAAC edges up to DOC.)

DOC. (*to ISAAC*). What do you want?

ISAAC. Vould you gif me anodder eye?

DOC. Give you another eye? Where do you want it? In the back of your head so you can see the money faster?

ISAAC. No, no, I hear der vas one great game in America call dey pasepall but it costs a tollar ter see dey game.

DOC. Well, how would another eye help you?

ISAAC (*holding up middle finger*). I vould like it right on de end of dis finger den I could shoost shove it through the knot-hole in dey fence und see der game for noddings.

DOC. Why don't you spend a dollar? What are you saving your money for, anyway?

ISAAC. Mine little nephew here he haf a birthday next week und I vant to puys him a present.

DOC. What are you going to get him—a tricycle?

ISAAC. How much dey cost?

DOC. About twenty dollars.

ISAAC. Too much money.

DOC. Buy him a bicycle then.

ISAAC. How much dey cost?

DOC. Oh, about fifteen dollars.

ISAAC. Too much, too much. I tink I vait till de winter and get him an icicle.

REB. Vell, perhaps ve vill wash de windows und let him look out to celebrate. De poor poy ish not very well, doctor.

DOC. (*examining tongue*). I think he has worms.

ABRA. Vell, now, Rebecca, you always say, "Vy ish it ven you go fishing you take Max und not Ikey?"

REB. Vell, vy ish it?

ABRA. Didn't you hear de docther say Max had de vornis, and don't you vant de worms when you go fishin'?

ALG. Noah couldn't 'ave fished much when 'e was in the hark.

FRANZ. Why ees zat?

ALG. 'E 'ad honly two worms, 'adn't 'e?

ANTONIO (*to Doc.*). You tola me to putta de musta plasta on my chesta. I have no chesta so I putta heem on my trunka. Is data alla righta?

DOC. What was the matter with you?

ANTONIO. I hava de haya fever.

DOC. Hay fever! Where did you get that?

ANTONIO. I dance with grassa widow.

DOC. Well, when you get ashore you better go to a bath house and buy some bath tickets. You can get ten tickets for a dollar and then you can have ten baths.

ANTONIO. I do notta wanta tenna teeckits. Tenna teeckits lasta tenna year. Perhaps I notta liva tenna year.

JACOB. I vent to a bath vonst. Ven I cum home I say to mine vife, "I haf lost mine vest." "How did you do so?" she say. "I don't know, it vas lost in der bath. Ven I dress myself I could not find it." De next year I go to the bath. I cum home und say to mine vife, "Vot you dink? I haf found mine vest." "Vere did you find him?" she say. "Unter mine shirt," I tell her, und it vas lost von year und I neffer know ver it vas.

DOC. (*to FRANZ*). How are you, Franz?

FRANZ. Zee pills you left me, doctaire, I puts zem in zee

pocket and in zee night I put zee hand in zee pocket and swallow seex of them so queeck before I find out zay was zee collar-buttons instead of zee pills. Zat is bad. What shall I do, doctaire?

DOC. That's all right. You've swallowed the collar-buttons, now just swallow a handful of button-holes and it will fix it. (*To Reb.*) You seem to be coughing a good deal. (*Thumps her chest a little.*) I'm afraid you have pneumonia.

ABRA. (*wringing hands*). You are the most extravagant woman I effer see. Vy couldn't you get a less expensive disease? Extravagant family, her brudder just like her.

ISAAC. Where is her brudder now?

ABRA. He vas deat.

ISAAC. Vot for he die?

ABRA. He vos sick an' ve didn't know vot vas dey truble an' de doctor gife him an examination an' he say he got "a pen on the seatus" und dey got to put him in de hospital und make an operation on him, so dey took him to de hospital und cut him from de stumick to dey back and he didn't find "a pen on the seatus" at all. All dey found vas an absince, und dey sewed him up again mit cord und he die. Den dey put him in a box mit de sign "Opened by mistake" on de outside.

DOC. (*to Mich.*). Did you take the medicine I told you to?

MICH. Shure Oi did, an' Oi thought Oi wuz kilt entoirely.

DOC. Did you take just the amount I told you to—just what you could put on a dime?

MICH. Oi didn't have a doime—Oi used two nickels instid.

DOC. Are you crazy, man? I wonder it didn't kill you.

MICH. Shure, Oi thought if Oi wasn't living this marnin' Oi'd be ded.

DOC. Weren't you afraid to meet your maker?

MICH. No, indade, docther; it wuz the other gintleman Oi wuz afraide to mate.

GRET. (*taking ELSA to Doc.*). I dink mein fraulein look seck.

DOC. (*examining ELSA*). Looks like measles or mumps.

GRET. Vat is de diff'rence between de measles und de mump?

DOC. In the mumps you shut up and in the measles you break out. (*BRID. squirms about as if in great pain.*) Well, well, some one else sick. What is the matter with you?

BRID. Shure, docther, Oi swallered a purtater bug an' Oi tuk some parres grane to kill the craythur but he's still raisin' mischafe insoide of me.

DOC. (to DON.). What are you looking so blue about?

DON. Rabert here tauld me last nicht tha' I couldna' swaller ae aig withoot braiking the shell.

DOC. Did you do it?

DON. I did, an' noow if I jump aboot dinna ye ken I'll braik the shell an' cut me stomach wi' the pieces and if I stay quiait the thing'll hatch oot and I'll have a Shanghai rooster clawing me insides.

DOC. I think I'll leave. Too many new diseases for me.

[Exit.]

ANTONIO (to PAT.). I betta youa I coulda swallow youa.

PAT. Swaller me! Bejabbers Oi'd loike to see yez thry it.

ANTONIO. Alla righta. You laya downa on seata, take offa boota.

(PAT. does so. ANTONIO bites PAT.'S toe.)

PAT. Och, howly Moses, ye're boiting me.

ANTONIO. Wella, you olda foola, deed you thinka I goa swallow you whola? I maka youa another betta. I betta I maka youa geet outa chaira before I aska you twica.

PAT. Oi'll bet yez can't. (Sits in chair.)

ANTONIO. Alla righta. Geeta uppa.

PAT. Oi'll not.

ANTONIO. Wella, staya thera till I aska you againa.

(Goes off. Laughter.)

REMUS STRONG (to DINAH, who has mirror in hand and is putting stuff on face). Fo de Lo'd! What you doin' with mah shoe-blackin', Dinah?

DINAH. Dis ain't yoah shoe-blackin', you fool niggah. Dis mah massage cream.

CHLOE. Dah Lo'd shoe-polished me real good 'fore he sent me to yo', didn't he, mammy?

DINAH. Doan yo' care, mah honey. Yo's white inside and yo' jest as smart as dat po' white trash. You just show these people how smart you be an' I'll give you something powerful good.

CHLOE. Will you give me some bread an' 'lasses?

DINAH. Yo' mustn't say 'lasses. Yo' must say mo'lasses.

CHLOE. How's I gwine to say mo'lasses when I ain't had none yet?

DINAH. Tell dese white trash de four seasons an' I'll give you some 'lasses.

CHLOE (*finger in mouth*). Pepper, mustard, salt and vinegar.

MRS. F. Shure, she's a dear little craythur. She makes me thoink of me little Annie. Shure, she's the tinder-hearted little gurrl. She'd knock yer brains out wid a lump uv a stone if she saw you just hurtin' a fly.

ABRA. (*to MAX*). Now, Max, you shoost show them how mooch you know. How many vas twice two?

MAX. Tervice two ish six.

ABRA. No, no, six vas too mooch.

MAX. Don't I know dot, fadder, already some time ago. I shoost said six so dot you could peat me down to four.

JACOB. Dot poy vill be a pizness success.

ABRA. Yes, ven you zell a coat to a man vat vants a coat, dot's noddings, but ven you zell a coat to a man vot don't vant a coat, dot's pizness. You tell him dot coat cost you elefen tollars and you zell it for three. He ask you vy you afford to zell it for three, und you say, "Mine friendt, I zell so many, zat's where I make," and he take the coat.

JACOB. I go in the clothing peezness, but I don't know how to make the prices on the bapers vot you put on the clothes.

PIETRO MAZETTI. Dat maka no diff'rence. Maka one dotta lika dis (*making dot on paper*) for one dolla, two dotta for two dolla and lika thata. I do thata waya. One daya whena I ees awaya from the stora a whila I missa a coata an' I say to my mana, "Whera ees da coata watta hanga on dees hooka?" "Eet is solda," he says. "How much mona you getta?" "Twenty dolla." "No, no, I say dat coata was marka four dolla." "No," he say, "eet was marka twenty dolla." "Getta tagga," I say. He getta tagga, I looka at it, I smila an' I says, "Blessa dat little flya. He maka dos other dotta."

ABRA. Von day a man shoost prought back a suit of clothes and say dot der buttons come off the first time he vore it. "Yes," I say, "so many peoples admire dot coat dat you swell mit pride and bust dose buttons off." Den I call to mine wife, "Rebecca, don't let Rachel come out; dis shentleman looks too enticing in dot new suit of clothes." Den I say, "I

change it if you vos like"; but he would not part mit it for noddings.

ISAAC. It ish hard to blease some beoples. I zell a man a coat for tree tollars. He bring it back and say it was full of moth. I ask him what he oxpect for tree tollars—humming birds?

JACOB. Vot you say if a customer ask you if dos vool clothes will shrink?

ABRA. If dey are too beeg for him they vill shrink, if they vos not too beeg they vill not shrink one mite.

ISAAC. I don't know vat I do mit mineself ven I get to der land.

JACOB. I know a rich girl vat vants ter get married. Get a path, clean yourself ub und she'll marry you in a minute.

ISAAC. Y-a-a-s—but subbose I clean mineself ub und she von't marry me. Too beeg a risk, I tink.

MICH. Oi'm going to jine the union.

PAT. The union! An' phwat is that?

MICH. Shure, yez pay so much a wake an' if you don't like yer job yez just quit yer wurrk an' all the others will stop out of sympathy wid yez.

PAT. How do yez git their sympathy so aisy?

MICH. That's aisily done. We ax a phrenologist phwat part av the head has the bump of sympathy an' thin we jist go at them wid clubs an' make the bump very big.

MRS. F. A foine way an' it must be a foine counthry. Phwat koind of wurrk do yez be doin', Moike?

MICH. Oi wurrk on the strate. Shure there's lots of folks thet loive in foine houses thot dig in the strates loike mesilf and they're afther bein' so proud uv it thot they put their name on a board forinst their house with M. D. after it. At first I couldn't understand phwat it meant, so I inquired uv a gentleman an' he smoiled like everything an', says he, M. D., mud-digger of course, so bejabbers Oi jist went home an' put me name on a board with M. D. afther it and put it out forinst me house. Ain't I jist as good a mud-digger as anny wan of them?

ANTONIO. I stucka in de mudda onca.

MICH. How fur in wuz yez?

ANTONIO. Uppa to mya knee.

MICH. Why didn't yez walk out?

ANTONIO. No, no, I canna walka out. I wronga enda uppa.

MICH. Oi fell into a deep hole onct. The boss called down, "Arrah, Moike, are yez kilt entoirely? If ye're dead, spake." "No," says Oi, "Oi'm not dead, but Oi'm spachless." "Who'll we sind to brake the news gradual to your paypil?" says he. "Sind Hooligan, he'll do it gradual," says Oi. "Do ye moind how he stutters?"

JAMES. How mooth do ye airn the day?

MICH. Three dollars.

JAMES. How mooth the week?

MICH. Three dollars.

JAMES. I thooght ye ha' three dollars the day?

MICH. Shure Oi did. Wan day a wake is enough to wurk.

DON. Dinna ye ken, mon, thot ye aight to puit the dillers in the bank?

MICH. If Oi put my money in the bank whin cud Oi draw it out agin?

FRITZ. If you pud it in to-day you vos can get it to-morrow by giving a fordnight's notice.

ABRA. Ven I get married I gife mein vife a bank and I say, "Efery time I kiss you, Rebecca, I vill gife you a tollar, so efery time I kiss her I pud a dollar in her bank. When we open de bank I find two dollar and four fife dollar bills, und I say, "Rebecca, how ees dis? I only gif you a tollar at a time." "Yes, but odder beoples are not so stingy like you vos," she dell me.

PAT. Oi hev a paper. Oi think Oi'll be seeing if annybody is looking fur me to wurrk for them. (*Reads from paper.*) "Oi hev two noice airy bedrooms for gentlemen twenty-two fate long an' ten fate wide." Begorra, they must be giants in this countrry we're a-comin' to. (*Reads.*) "Wanted, a bright smart young man to be partly outside the store and partly behind the counter."

MRS. F. Shure, Oi'm thoinkin' it's a quare countrry. Partly outsoide the store and partly behind the counter. Don't yez go to that place, Pat; they moight be cutting yez in two paces.

PAT. (*reading.*) Widdy in very comfortable circumstances wishes to marry at onct two sons.

FRANZ. Eet ees zee Mormon.

PAT. Here's a chance for yez, Bridget. (*Reads.*) A farmer wants a woman to wash, iron and milk two cows.

BRID. Shure, an' Oi'll not take that job. Oi'm willin' to

milk the craythers but Oi'm not willin' to wash an' iron thim. It's strange notions they do be havin' in this countrhy.

PAT. How would yez loike this? (*Reads.*) A woman for light house work.

BRID. Ain't a lighthouse wan of them staples on a rock? Oi'd be afraide Oi couldn't git ashore fur me Thursdays.

PAT. Here's a job fur yez, Frenchy. (*Reads.*) Man wanted to bite the wings off of flies and sell them for currants. Thot would be a foine job.

FRANZ. Yes, eet ees good.

PAT. Here is a job for yez, Heaton.

ALG. What his hit?

PAT. (*reading*). Wanted, a kitchen oculist.

ALG. What his that? A kitchen oculist?

PAT. Bejabbers, it must be wan thot digs the oyies out uv purtaters. (*Reads.*) Wanted, a man with a wooden leg to mash purtaters. Raleigh, you kin take thot and kape Heaton company in the kitchen. (*Reads.*) Wanted, a barber who will shave wan soide fur five cents.

FRITZ. Von side? Vich side?

PAT. The outsoide, uv course.

FRITZ. I vos goin' to make de sausage in Ameriky.

ROB. You canna maik sausage a dog would eat, mon.

FRITZ. De sausage it all right. Noddings matter mit sausage only dog von't eat dog, see?

KAT. Be sure to kill your dogs first, Fritz. You remember dot time you machine it squeak and groan and squeal an' dey policeman come in and dell you, "Hey, Fritz, dos sausage vill be shoost so goot eef you vill kill de dogs before you vos grind them."

MRS. F. Shure, Oi'm hoping to git some washin' to take in. Do yez know, Moike, where Mrs. Finnegan who used to loive in Tipperary is loiving now? She wrote me she'd be afther gitting me some washing.

MICH. Mrs. Finnegan, the wash woman?

MRS. F. The same wan.

MICH. I don't know where she loives but she hangs out on Water Street.

PAT. We'll hev to be foinding a pig first thing an' Oi'll hev to get some boards an' build a pigstye under de parlor window.

FRANZ. Zat ees one quaire place to build zee pigstye. Why do you put eet zair?

PAT. To kape the pig in, uv course.

ABRA. Shoost save de money, mine friendt, don't puild dot pigstye.

PAT. Phwat will Oi do?

ABRA. Shoost tie a knot in de pig's tail and dot vill be a pig's tie, von't it?

PAT. Begorry, Oi'll do it. The Jews are wan smart people. They know how to save the money.

ABRA. I dells you anodder way to save de money.

PAT. Phwat's that?

ABRA. Shoost get a house near de railroad track, go out efery day und make faces like dot. (*Makes up face.*) Dat engineer he get mad, throw coal at you. You go pick it up, you don't haf to puy coal to burn.

PAT. That's a foine idee but Oi niver could make up such a face as that. (*Makes up numerous faces.*) Oi'm afraide Oi can't wurrk that.

REMUS. Mah cousin said he'd get mah a job as a diamond cutter.

HANS. You vouldn't know how vos to cut diamonts.

REMUS. I sure does. Doan I know how to cut grass?

HANS. Grass vas not diamonts.

REMUS. But they's grass on a baseball diamond, ain't they, so doan I cut da diamond?

BRID. Begorra, Oi wisht Oi hed a place. Julia, me cousin, tells me uv so miny quare doin's uv her mistress that me heart is in me mouth entoirely. She ses as how her mistress is that fond of rading that she ivin cooks out uv a book. She tould her wan day to cook the mate in the spider an' the poor gurrl spint a whole hour down in the cellar among the cobwebs before she cud foind wan big enough, an' she jist got to her wurrk whin that mistress called an' axed her would she bring in a cricket so out she wint and hunted and hunted but nary a wan could she foind so she wint in an' axed if anny other boog would do; she cud get a grasshopper aisy. An' phwat do yez think it wuz she wanted all the toime? Jist a little stool. Such haythenish names. And the spider, would yez belave it, was a kittie.

MRS. F. Och, Bridget, Oi'm afraide we'll be sorry we lift ould Ireland. You'll be missing yer fine beaus.

BRID. Julia says whiniver I git lonesome fur gintlemin's society, to pour plinty of coffee grounds down the sink poipes an' it will sthop up the poipes.

KAT. Vot for you do dot?

BRID. Shure, she says, thin the mistress has to send for a plumber an' a carpenter an' ye're shure of ginglemin's company fur the nixt few days.

GRET. Vos de black ants make trouble in Ameriky?

BRID. No, but I hear the white uncles do. Oh, the mistresses do be foinding a lot uv fault. Julia said she made some foine lukin' poies wid a pretty mark all round the edge and the loidy say, "Where did you git that pretty design that you mark the pies wid, Julia?" "Indade, ma'am, Oi jist done it wid me tathe," an' would you belave it the mistress wuz that mad she ordered her to remove it from the table at wanst and they had a table full uv company, too. Thin she says to Julia, "You may bring in the nuts if you have cracked them." "Yis, ma'am," says Julia, rale peaceful loike, "Oi've cracked all but them big walnuts an' it'll take stronger jaws than mine to manage them, but Oi got the others cracked wid me tathe all right," and thin she was mad agin. Thin she's always axin' Julia if they's nails in her shoes, till Julia says wan mornin', "If you plaze, ma'am, there is nails in me shoes." "What kind of nails?" ses she. "Toe-nails," ses Julia. Whist! here's the captain wid wan uv them swell loidies now.

Enter CAPTAIN and SUSANNE SMYTHE.

CAPT. This is the quarter-deck.

SUS. Oh, indeed, have you no fifty cent deck? What a shame! (*Grabs CAPT.'s arm.*) Oh, didn't the boat strike something then? Will we go down?

CAPT. Can't say as to that, ma'am. Depends on the kind of a life you've led.

JACOB. Mine koodness! Ish de ship going to sink?

ABRA. Vell, let it sink. Vot do we care? Ve don't own it. After all life is bud a dream.

ISAAC. Nod much id aind. In efery dream I efer had I vas gettin' more money den I could spend.

CAPT. (*to Sus.*). You never saw a clock like this before. It will run three months without winding.

FERD. Christo-Colombo, I vonder how long de clocka would runna if itta was wounda uppa.

CAPT. And this picture is a work of art; it cost five hundred dollars.

SUS. How lovely!

ABRA. Imbossible! Dat picture no more den ten inches

vide and I got mine whole store front bainted for four tollars und a haf.

FRANZ. Why do zee captaine take zee long, long step?

JAMES. To save his shoes, mon!

REB. (*with MAX by hand going to CAPT.*). Vot time de train leave for Kansas?

CAPT. Five o'clock.

(REB. and MAX sit down.)

PAT. (*to CAPT.*). How fur is it to Truro?

CAPT. Twenty miles.

PAT. Faith, we'll niver be able to walk there the day.

MRS. F. Och, Pat, shure that's not much. Twinty moiles; that's only tin apiece; we kin do that aisy.

(REB. and MAX again go up to CAPT.)

REB. Vot time de train leave for Kansas?

CAPT. I told you five o'clock. (REB. and MAX sit down again.) Did you people hear the thunder in the night?

MICH. Did it raily thunder?

PAT. It thundered as if hivin an' airth would come together.

MICH. Why didn't ye wake me thin for you know Oi can't slape a wink whin it thunders.

(REB. and MAX again go to CAPT.)

REB. Vot time de train leave for Kansas?

CAPT. (*angrily*). That's the third time you've bothered me asking the same question. Now, don't bother me again.

REB. I wouldn't poher you so much, but leetle Max here he say you move your mouth so funny he like to hear you say it.

DINAH (*with envelope and stamp in hand*). Do Ah put this stamp on maself?

CAPT. No, you'd better put it on the envelope.

ALG. His the train to Burlington halways behind time?

CAPT. No, it is usually behind the engine.

SUS. I've been invited to go sailing this summer and I'm going to buy a lot of starboard and port tacks to take with me. They seem to use so many of that kind of tacks on yachts.

[*Exeunt CAPT. and SUS.*

FRANZ. Zee time ees so long, I zay let us have one concert

to make zee time to fly. Let us seeng, let us dance, let us speak zee piece.

FRITZ. Dot vos one goot idee.

PAT. Bejabbers, jist the thing !

ED. You be master hof ceremonies, Frenchy.

FRANZ. Zee maistaire of zee ceremony. What ees zat ?

ED. Hask the folks to speak, to sing, to dance.

FRANZ. I will do zat with pleasaire.

(FRANZ asks different ones to sing, dance, etc. Emigrants clap performers, make remarks between selections, etc. The following program is simply a suggestion and may be varied or changed entirely. Other suggestions are to be found in the front part of the book.)

PROGRAM FOR CONCERT

Irish Song. *The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls.*

Spanish Recitation. *Christo Colombo.*

Darky Banjo Song. *Way Down Upon De Swanee River.*

Dance. *Highland Fling, or Scottish Folk Dance.*

Irish Recitation. *Mr. Dooley on the Grip.*

Violin Solo. *Hebrew.*

Italian Recitation. (Man with hand organ, girl with tambourine.) *Da Strit Pianna.*

Dance. *Irish Jig, or Irish Folk Dance.*

Darky Lullaby. (Colored woman with baby.) *Waitin' for the Moon.*

Irish Recitation. (Woman.) *Bridget McFine.*

Spanish Song. *A Spanish Cavalier.*

Japanese Fan Drill.

Scotch Song. *Annie Laurie.*

German Folk Dance.

Dutch Recitation. *Sockery's Kadacut Kat.*

French Song. *The Marseillaise.*

Darky Cake Walk.

English Song. *Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes.*

HANS (looking out of window). Here ve vos in dot harbor at last. Och, mein cracious, look at dot beeg puilding. I vish I own dot puilding.

FRITZ. If you did, vould you gif me haf?

HANS. No, I vould not ; you can make your own vishes.

PAT. Look at the litters on it. I. O. O. F. Phwat does them litters mane?

MICH. I. O. O. F. Shure, it must be the height of the building. 100 fute.

PAT. Uv course. (*Excitedly.*) Bejabbers, will yez look at thot thing?

MICH. They do be callin' thot an electric car.

PAT. Wid no horses to pull it! Bejabbers, the Ould Nick himsif must be pullin' it wid a stroing.

FRANZ. And what ees zat zing?

MICH. They call thim things automobiles. Shure an' yez want ter look out sharp for them too. I wuz standin' near the car track wan day whin I saw wan of them bastely things comin' up the strate, so I stipped to wan soide, out uv the way, and the front of it wint by me all right, but the back of it swung round and knocked me down. Now, phwat do yez thoink of thot? Whin yez stand in front uv them they run over yez an' whin yez git out of the way to let thim pass, they turn around an' kick yez.

PIETRO. I fraida to goa on dat landa.

MICH. Onct I wuz in wan of them wid the boss whin it run over a man an' a strame uv blue cum runnin' out of him. "Oh, begorra," says Oi, "it'll go harrud wid us. We've killed wan of them blue-blooded Yankees." We jumped out quick and found he wasn't hurt at all, at all, had only broke a bottle of blueing he hed in his pocket; but bejabbers it give me wan turrible froight, I wuz that afraid it wuz his blue blood.

Enter CAPT., DOC., INSPECTOR, POLICEMEN.

(INSPECTOR has large sheets of paper, examines tag on each immigrant and compares with his paper. Doc. goes around looking at eyes, skin, etc., for symptoms of disease. CAPT. and DOC. sign the INSPECTOR'S large paper. Immigrants crowd up with their numerous bundles, POLICEMEN drive them back repeatedly. STOWAWAY, a London chimney sweep, appears, also CHINAMAN who tries to keep out of sight.)

CAPT. (to Stow.). Where did you come from, you young rascal?

STOW. Hi was behind the pork barrel 'iding.

CAPT. What am I going to do with you? Take you back with me?

STOW. Please, Mister Captain, don't take me back.

MRS. F. The poor crayther is wake from hunger. Here (giving boy a chunk of bread) take this, me bye, an' Oi'm thinkin' the koind-hearted captain will let yez land wid the rist uv us.

INSPECTOR (to HANS). Name?

HANS. Hans Grimm.

INSPECTOR. Married?

HANS. Yes.

INSPECTOR. Any children?

HANS. Elefen. Ten lifing und von married.

INSPECTOR (writing). Let me see, this is the thirtieth?

HANS (who has ELSA by hand). No, no, I shoost dell you I haf elefen children. Dis is der eleventh one.

INSPECTOR. I meant the thirtieth of the month.

(INSPECTOR runs over paper quickly saying, "light hair, blue eyes, five feet ten inches," etc., consulting tag which they have on and comparing for identification.)

DOC. (to DINAH). Open your mouth and let me see your throat. (DINAH opens mouth very wide.) You needn't open it so wide. I intend to stay outside. You're all right.

(Passes on to others.)

INSPECTOR (to ABRA.). Name?

ABRA. Abraham Goldstein.

INSPECTOR. This your wife?

ABRA. Yes, dot ish mine vife.

INSPECTOR. She's not very beautiful.

ABRA. Mine vife ish not beautiful weezout, but she ish beautiful weezin.

ANTONIO. Why notta turna her insida outa thena?

ABRA. Beauty ish only skin deep.

FRANZ. You might skeen her zen.

INSPECTOR. What is your boy's name?

ABRA. Max.

INSPECTOR. Why do you call him Max?

ABRA. Vell, because dot ish his name.

INSPECTOR. He's a bright looking boy. (To MAX.) You may be president of this country some day. Every boy here has an equal chance. You have your chance.

MAX. Mister, I vill sell you mine chance for a quarter.

INSPECTOR. What, wouldn't you like to be president ?
MAX. I vould radder pe der secretary of de treasury.

(POLICEMAN *puts arm around* BRID.)

INSPECTOR (*to* BRID.). Why do you let that policeman put his arm around you ?

BRID. Shure, it's against the law to resist an officer, ain't it ?

INSPECTOR (*to* FRANZ). Married ?

FRANZ. I am goeeng to meet zee bride in zis country.

INSPECTOR. Been married before ?

FRANZ. Seex times.

INSPECTOR. Six times ! That's a good many times.

FRANZ. Yes, if zee Lord will take zem I will furnish zem.

INSPECTOR. I think you act crazy.

FRANZ. No, no, not crazy. Zee trouble ees my last wife make me sleep under zee crazy quilt.

INSPECTOR (*reading*). Condition of health. Have you any disease ?

FRANZ. I walk in zee sleep.

POLICEMAN. Begorry, Oi wisht me brother could. He'd be on the force now.

INSPECTOR (*to* FRITZ *who has on very short pants*). Guess there's been a death in your family.

FRITZ. No, der vos not.

INSPECTOR. What are you wearing your pants at half mast for then ? You must be going to college. What is your occupation ?

FRITZ. Sailor.

INSPECTOR. Sailor ? I don't believe you were ever on a ship.

FRITZ. Vot for you tink I valk over from Germany ?

INSPECTOR (*consulting paper*). I see you have been in jail. What for ?

FRITZ. Vell, it was shoost like dis. The pig took upon him to sleep in mine garden for three nights und I shoost took him for room rent.

INSPECTOR. Would it hurt your feelings if I should tell you that you lie ?

FRITZ. It vould not hurt mine feelings but it might hurt mine knuckles.

DOC. (*to* FRITZ). Your clothes need washing.

FRITZ. I haf a suit of clothes for efery day in the year.

DOC. Where ?

FRITZ. Dis is it I haf on.

DOC. (*examining nose*). Your nose is frozen. I don't know as I can let you land.

FRITZ. Och, mine koodness! I haf carry dot nose fordy year unt he nefer freeze hisself before. I no understand dis thing.

INSPECTOR (*to MICH.*). Married?

MICH. Yis, but Oi've lift the ould woman in the ould countrhy.

INSPECTOR. You'll miss her very much, won't you?

MICH. Oi'm going to buy a bulldog and he'll growl all the toime so it will same jist like havin' the ould woman.

INSPECTOR (*consulting paper*). Red hair. You ought to make a good soldier.

MICH. Why would Oi make a good soldier?

INSPECTOR. Because you're "Reddy."

(*Looks at MICH.'s eye.*)

MICH. Phwat are yez lookin' at?

INSPECTOR. Nothing.

MICH. Thin ye'll foind it in the jug where the whiskey was.

INSPECTOR. What is your eye in mourning for?

MICH. For Kiley.

INSPECTOR. Is he dead?

MICH. Shure, he will be the nixt time Oi git a chance at him. He's the wan thot give me the black oiy.

INSPECTOR (*to BRID.*). That's a fine hat you have on, but it's so high I can hardly see the top of the ship.

BRID. Shure, if yez see the bill thot come wid it. It's so hoigh yez couldn't see the skoie.

INSPECTOR (*reading from paper*). Complexion, hair, eyes, bust —

BRID. Bust! What bust? Shure Oi dunno. Oi didn't hear annything bust.

INSPECTOR. This evidence shows that you threw a stone at a policeman.

BRID. Begorra, it shows more than thot. It shows Oi hit him.

MRS. F. Shure, an' that policeman wuz a brick.

BRID. Then bejabbers Oi wuz a bricklayer. I knocked him flat.

INSPECTOR. Where are you going?

BRID. (*winking at others*). Oi'm goin' to git married.

INSPECTOR. Where is the man you are to marry going to meet you?

BRID. (*aside to others*). Jist watch me fool him. (*To INSPECTOR.*) At the praste's.

INSPECTOR. Where does he live? Do you know how to find his house?

BRID. Me Cousin Julia tould me jist how to git to it. She sed you walk up the strate til you cum to a straine, over the broidge until yez cum to a road that woinds around a store but not to take that strate, thin gó on till Oi cum to a pig-pen shingled wid sthraw, thin turn the strate round the falde and go on till I cum to a big house, where a road runs into the woods and don't take that strate, thin go on till Oi meet a haystack and the next is a barn. He don't loive there but go a little further an' Oi'd see a house on top of a hill about two miles away and if Oi go in that house an' ask the ould woman that loives there she could till me better than she could. So Oi'll foind him aisy.

INSPECTOR. All right. Pass on. (*To MRS. F.*) How old are you?

MRS. F. How ould am Oi? It's none uv yez business how ould Oi am. Oi suppose ye'd like ter ax if Oi have false tathe, if me husband bates me, if Oi droink, whot size shoes Oi ware, if Oi'm wan uv thim millionyaires and a lot uv other fool questions.

INSPECTOR (*to Doc.*). How old should you say she was?

DOC. To her face or behind her back?

INSPECTOR (*to PAT., who has a pipe in his mouth*). You're not allowed to smoke here.

PAT. Oi'm not smoking.

INSPECTOR. You have a pipe in your mouth.

PAT. Shure Oi have fate in me shoes, but Oi'm not walkin'.

INSPECTOR. How many children?

PAT. Fifteen. They are cumin' over in the nixt boat.

INSPECTOR. You have a pretty big family to support?

PAT. Oi hov that; an' if they didn't all airn their own livin' Oi couldn't support them at all, at all. Begorry, there's wan thing Oi'd loike to see before Oi lave this boat. Oi'd loike to see the man that swings that pick.

INSPECTOR. What pick do you mean?

PAT. Thot pick over forinst.

INSPECTOR. That's the anchor.

PAT. Och, begorry, Oi thought it wuz a pick.

INSPECTOR (*to PAT., who is loaded with bundles*). Why don't you buy a trunk?

PAT. Phwat should Oi buy a trunk fur?

INSPECTOR. To put your clothes in.

PAT. To put me clothes in? An' go naked? Niver a bit uv it will Oi do at all, at all.

INSPECTOR (*spying CHINAMAN*). Here, you Chinaman, you'll have to go back. No Chinaman allowed in this country.

MRS. F. The Chinese are haythens. Shure, Oi do be rading that they lit the gurrl babies loive six wakes, thin they take them down to the river and fade them to the lobsters.

ALG. They do woise than that hin this country. Here they let them grow up hand then give them to the lobsters.

(CHINAMAN *recites "John Chinaman's Protest"* while INSPECTOR and DOC. are looking over the rest of the passengers.)

CAPT. All ready to land. (*Girl dressed as COLUMBIA, red, white and blue costume with gold crown, appears. Stands in centre of stage while all unite in singing "Star Spangled Banner."*) Pass out this way.

(POLICEMEN *keep people in line as they pass out of door over which is draped an American flag. The men all remove their hats as they pass under the flag.*)

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CHING-AH-LING, *the Chinese cook, a bit impertinent but by far the most important individual in the cast.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Early morning in the kitchen of the Rudd bachelor establishment.

ACT II.—The Rudd library, five days later.

ACT III.—The same. Evening of the same day.

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